THE EYE:

BY OBADIAH OPTIC.

——*VARIOUS OBJECTS FROM THE SENSE,*
VARIOUSLY REPRESENTING. MILTON.

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Fortuna sævo læta negotio, et
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
Transmutis incertos honores,
Nunc, mihi, nunc alii benigna. HORACE.

Fortune in cruel disappointment joys,
And more she laughs, as more her vot'ry sighs;
Unstable her attachments, now on me
She smiles propitious, and then toys with thee. ANONYMOUS.

HOPE was assuredly planted by the hand of DEITY in the human breast, to lighten our cares, brighten by anticipation our prospects, and sooth us by her flatteries, whilst we journey through this vale of tears; but we must still remember, that the higher our hopes rise in producing happiness, if they be not realized, the misery of disappointment is exactly proportionate; perhaps therefore, the beatitude, which although not written, has been for ages repeated, is founded in the nature of things—Blessed is he who expects *nothing*, for he cannot be disappointed.

In my last number, I reasoned on lotteries, considered in a moral and religious point of view—in this, I will consider them as producing either happiness or misery to those concerned, and that also in proportion to the real concern.

When the DEITY made man and placed him in this world, it was not to be an idle spectator; he was not to sit down supinely and depend on fortuitous occurrences for his support, even in a state of innocence he was to cultivate the garden and to dress it; thus, industry was recommended, and afterwards necessity enjoined it; therefore, every thing that loosens the sinews of industry, runs counter to the order of Providence, and consequently lessens the quantum of human happiness; for we must lay it down as an axiom, that every

deviation from the divine command, tends to produce *misery*. Lotteries, I say, tend to weaken the sinews of industry, and the same effect is produced by every other species of gaming. If you have ever attended whilst the lottery was drawing, and marked the number of men which thereby were kept from their daily avocations, the truth of the assumed proposition would not be doubted; but when to this we add the anxiety discernible in every countenance, the chagrin marked in the faces of the loosers, the oaths and execrations, the suspicions of swindling, and add to all, the destruction of their towering hopes and high expectations, we may safely aver, that at least to the unfortunate ticket holder, lotteries yield no real pleasure, but on the contrary, much pain. But we will change the scene, and admit that the highest prize is your's, then are you happy? Are you satisfied with your 20,000 dollars? if so, we pronounce you a new thing in the earth; one of two courses will undoubtedly be pursued—the poet says, *Amor nummi crescit quantam ipsa pecunia crescit*—that is, the love of wealth increases as rapidly as the wealth itself increases. If this turn of mind should be the lucky man's, must happiness be the result of his good fortune? Mark the starving miser shivering over his golden store, his meagre countenance and squalid appearance, see what suspicion is depicted in his looks, and say, is he happy? But the other course is to run at pleasure's ring with the golden spoil, and enjoy cheerfully the lucky chance—light comes light goes, says the gamester—the fortunate man dashes away, and in a few short months is as poor as before his fortune took its rise: but without pursuing him through his mazy round, let us now attend to the consequences; he has for some time indulged in a life of idleness and expensive pleasure, and his riotous mode of living has reduced him to poverty; can he, with the same relish as before, return to his former avocations and virtuous pursuits? What! he who has so lavishly squandered thousands! he cannot bear the thought—he has recourse to desperate means again to roll in the circle of profusion, and experience tells us, that it is marked down in her annals, that generally speaking, fortunes hastily acquired produce exemplary ruin.

The Scotch, whose proverbs abound with instruction, give two which speak full to my present purpose; first, they say "a weel won penny gangs far—by which they always encourage honest industry; the second, "that which is gotten oer

the deel's back is spent under his belly;" by this they shew their disapprobation of gaming of all kinds, proving the truth of the former, by not only its own natural consequences, but enforcing it by forcible language in the dismal effects flowing from the latter.

I knew a young man some years ago, who drew a prize of 30,000 dollars; before this event took place, he was in good estimation with all who knew him; he had received not only a moral education, but also a religious one; but from the period that he was enriched, his misery commenced; he progressed from that time to this in the broad path that leads to ruin; indeed, he has now almost literally reached the goal—fatal, fatal was to him the prize!

But, says one, should I draw a prize, I would not act thus, I would neither be the miser nor the spendthrift; I would take the sanctified use of it. Indeed! there is surely a high probability that you would take the sanctified use of ill gotten gain: But pray who of the sons of men can tell how he would act in untried circumstances? The wise man was not so confident, whose prayer was "Give me not riches lest I be proud and forget thee." I have often observed, that the man bold and confident in his own strength, generally fails; whilst the person diffident of his own power, and relying on an infinitely superiour arm, is preseved in his integrity.

On the whole, the following propositions I think are evident.

1st. That wealth cannot insure happiness.

2d. That happiness must assuredly be found in the paths of virtue.

3d. That the order of DEITY is, that we depend on industry, not chance, for competency, and that competency is a grand source of contentment.

4th. That all games of chance are unlawful, because they have a tendency to weaken the sinews of industry and lessen our dependence on Providence.

5th. That the end should never sanctify the means.

6th. And finally, that it is the bounden duty of our legislatures throughout the Union, to discountenance lotteries of all kinds; to them we have a right to look, for they assuredly are not only the guardians of the persons and property of their constituents, but also of their morals. OBADIAH OPTIC.

To love, cannot be an error, as the first pair enjoyed it in their state of innocence, whilst error was yet unborn.

ORIGINAL.

THE TORTOISE.—No. XII.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise, that hast survived the fall!
Tho' few now taste thee unimpair'd and pure,
Or tasting long enjoy thee! COWPER.

WHILE employing a leisure hour in reading that excellent poem of which my motto is a part, my attention was diverted by a letter from my friend WILSON, an extract of which is as follows:—

DEAR TITULAR,

As you are fond of pictures drawn from nature, which are calculated to excite in the human breast a love of virtue, I think the following occurrence will not be uninteresting.

Having occasion to go into the country on some business, my road lay thro' an unpromising desert thinly inhabited; for several miles nothing appeared to my view that had the semblance of hospitality; at length, entering a thick and dreary wood, I was soon enveloped in its gloom; the day was sultry, hunger and thirst induced me to wish some house near where I might obtain refreshment, but no prospect encouraged my hopes; all was silent except the winged songsters which tenanted the forest; the sun had performed his diurnal course and the shades of night threatened to obscure my path; in circumstances thus unpleasant I was preparing to encounter difficulties, when to my joy, I perceived smoke issuing forth as from the midst of an impervious wood; this to me was a pleasing sight and I turned aside from the beaten track to gain the place where it originated; my search was long and difficult, at length I so far accomplished my object as to obtain a distant view of this refuge; it was a pile of logs, so disposed by the ingenuity of its owner as to render the interiour a comfortable shelter for the children of industry who inhabited it: Perhaps, thought I, this may be the residence of those who are sensible of feeling for their fellow beings, and here I may obtain some refreshment. Whilst I was thus ruminating, a man approached me from the thicket, robust in his appearance, tho' advanced in years health glowed in his countenance, joy brightened his eyes and seemed to sparkle in every feature; tho' clad in the habiliments of rusticity he was truly en-

gaging : He seemed to anticipate my wishes and my wants. I alighted from my horse to receive my benefactor, for so from predilection I accounted him.—Friend, said he, what brings you hither—are you not weary—have you lost your way?—you are nearly benighted—yonder is my dwelling—you can proceed no farther till morning—we will make you welcome ;—his continued thread of kind expressions prevented my replying ; he took the bridle to lead my horse, and whilst proceeding on our way he enumerated the dangers and perplexities to which travellers are liable in unfrequented roads, explained the situations of various streams, hills and swamps in the neighbourhood, and detailed, with a spirit of self-approbation, the effects of his labour on the spot where we then were : Thirty years ago, said he, this was a wilderness ; you see what industry and perseverance can accomplish, you now behold it a thriving farm—And an asylum for the weary traveller, I rejoined—To be sure, continued he, I am always willing that those who pass this way should participate with me the blessings which a kind Providence has bestowed as a reward for my labour, and so should be every one.

By this time we had arrived at a place, a short distance from the cottage, inclosed in a peculiarly neat manner—my companion paused—I observed his countenance—a tear glistened in his eye, nor was he careful to conceal it—have you a wife, said he ? I answered affimatively—once said he, this blessing gave a zest to all my others ; but there lies my much loved MARY—excuse my tears—may you never have occasion to shed such. We passed on and at the dusk of evening were at the cottage door, here James, said he, take care of this horse ; we entered—the daughter of health in the person of a beautiful female bade us welcome, whilst the mild blush of innocence betrayed her confusion at the introduction of an unexpected visitor, and she withdrew. My kind attendant left me a few moments but soon returned with a mug of excellent cider ; this said he, I have no doubt will be agreeable to you, I make no apologies, you will partake of the best my farm affords, make yourself easy. A young man now entered whom the farmer intoduced as his son-in-law, the husband of her I saw at my first entrance, several children were sporting in the field, and all bore the stamp of domestic felicity.

Soon the daughter again entered and spreading a table, we sat down to a wholesome, and to me a most delicious repast, the product of the place, no foreign luxuries were add-

ed to the feast, which would, in my opinion have rendered it less agreeable; after supper, he desired me, whenever I was disposed, to retire to rest in an adjoining room, but if I was not too much fatigued and could relish their company a while, my presence would be highly gratifying. Feeling no inclination to leave the happy circle, we sat a considerable time conversing on topics relative to our different situations, when curiosity pfompted me to ask him why he chose such a reclusé spot for his residence? And why should I not, said he, does not the same Providence preside here as elsewhere?—here we find every thing that is calculated to produce contentment, 'seed time and harvest' return in their seasons; industry procures health and competence, and our labours are sweetened by the pleasures they enable us to enjoy; corroding cares never enter our dwelling; gratitude elevates our souls and inspires our hearts to praise HIM who is the Giver of every blessing—I have known affliction—she who was the partner of my life was taken from my bosom, but she lives in a world of superiour happiness: I once also had a son, but he is no more; ambitious to become great, his exertions I fear have proved fatal to his life; many years have elapsed, since he left our peaceful abode, to seek his fortune in scenes of busy life, and I have not heard of him; but a sense of dependence on an over-ruling Power has taught me resignation to the will of Heaven; my daughter, I trust, will rock the cradle of my declining age, and her husband will be the prop of my family, their offspring shall inherit the estate which will increase in value, whilst the name of BRUMLEY shall long live in the history of this part of the country.

At the name of BRUMLEY, you must suppose I was startled, and on more particular enquiry, I learned that this was the venerable parent of him whose vices we have both cause to lament: Early in life he left his paternal home for *****, where he received his education at the expense of the old man's industry; his embarkation for Europe is known to you, and doubtless by the same conduct which has in this country been the means of his ruin, he there raised himself to a fashionable standing. I did not wish to mar the peace of the father, by discovering the fate of his wretched son.

The evening being now far advanced, the good old man enquired whether I felt myself sufficiently refreshed to join them in their evening devotions; it is our custom, said he, it

is our duty, at the close of day to unite our hearts in grateful thanks to the God of mercy, if you are disposed to engage with us in this delightful exercise, it will be truly agreeable to our family. My soul assented to the proposition, and he led in the exercise of this duty in a manner which designated the sincere Christian; after which I retired to rest, meditating on the various dispensations of Providence toward man. I rose early next morning and was shewn through the domain of this happy cottager; the family resumed the comforts and labours of the returning day with the like devotions which closed the preceding, we then breakfasted, and I proceeded on my journey, with a resolution to revist this scene of happiness whenever opportunity shall permit. H. WILSON.

SELECTED.

REFLECTIONS ON AGRICULTURE.

(concluded from page 226.)

IN an art thus ancient, and, as it were, divine, there must be a kind of inherent dignity, whatever may be now the prevailing sentiments of men. The noblest characters of antiquity were indeed proud of this profession:

In ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd
The kings and awful fathers of mankind:
And some, with whom compared, your insect tribes
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, ruled the storm
Of mighty war; then with unwearied hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd
The plough, and greatly independent liv'd." THOMSON.

The reader, versed in classic lore, will here recollect the illustrious Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus, whose name has given dignity to a new order of knighthood in a recently established empire; whose character was alternately simple and sublime; or rather, it never ceased to be sublime in the most humble state of simplicity and poverty; and who was as great when his victorious hands did not disdain to turn a furrow, as when he was directing the reins of government, and dispersing the enemies of the Roman commonwealth. Pliny, in his Natural History, (xviii. 3.) informs us, that in former times seven acres of land were the common allotment to a Roman soldier; that a great commander, who aspired to more, was

deemed a dangerous citizen; and that the reason why the lands were so fertile, that such a small quantity was sufficiently productive, was, that in those times they were cultivated with their own hands, by generals and patricians of the first distinction. He laments, that in his time, they were entrusted to the care of contemptible bond slaves and abject villains. He observes, that among foreign nations, it was esteemed a *prince-like* qualification to be able to give rules concerning agriculture. Among the kings who had been proud to make a proficiency in this study, he enumerates Archelaus, Hiero, Attalus, and Philometer; and among the illustrious chieftains that had written on the subject, he mentions the Attic Xenophon, and Mago the Carthaginian, whose twenty-eight books were translated in Latin by order of the Roman Senate. Indeed, agriculture is the original and primitive nobility of all those great persons, who are now too proud not only to till the ground, but almost to tread upon it; and, with whatever complacency the eye of vanity may contemplate lilies, and lions rampant, and spread eagles, in fields d'or or d'argent; yet, if heraldry were directed by right reason, a plough in a field arable would be the most ancient and noble arms.

Virgil, in his eighth Æneid, gives a beautiful picture of royal simplicity. He describes Evander, one of his best princes, as living just after the manner of an ordinary husbandman. He seats him upon a throne of maple, with no other decorations than a bear's skin: The kine and oxen are lowing in his court yard; the birds under his roof awake him in the morning; and when he goes abroad he is attended only by two dogs. At last, when he introduces Æneas into his royal cottage, he addresses him with this memorable welcome, a nobler one than was ever yet spoken at St. James's or Versailles.

——— hæc inquit, limina victor
Alcides subiit; hæc illum regia cepit.
Aude, hospes, contemnere opes; et te quoque dignum
Finge deo, rebusque veni, non asper egenis.

This humble roof, this rustic court, said he,
Receiv'd Alcides, crown'd with victory;
Scorn not, great guests, the steps where he has trod,
But spurn at wealth, and emulate a god.

Such was the veneration with which the ancients regarded agriculture, and the simplicity of rural life, that they paid divine honours to Ceres, whom the poets represent as having

taught men to till the earth, which before lay waste and uncultivated; and, at the same time, as all things were in common, taught them the necessity and importance of separate property; and was herself the foundress of those laws by which all disputes concerning property were to be determined.

Prima Ceres unco glebam dimovit aratro:
Prima dedit fruges, alimentaque mitia terris:
Prima dedit leges. Cereris sumus omnia munus.
Illa canenda mihi est, &c. OVID. MET. v. 341.

Ceres first taught the rude untutor'd swain
To guide the plough and cultivate the plain,
She bade the fields in rich luxuriance rise,
And grateful food each rustic board supplies:
Her guardian laws the savage breast refine,
And speak each blessing from her hand divine,
To Ceres then be tun'd my rapturous lays,
To Ceres, worthy of unceasing praise.

SELECTED.

THE STUDENT'S MIDNIGHT TALE.

I HAD been, during the recess from college, partaking with a friend the diversion of shooting, and was returning to my studies at *****, about the middle of November. I travelled, like a Scotch philosopher—like a Grecian philosopher—on foot. The ground was covered with a deep snow, and the sky threatened an increasing load; the air was sharp, and the prospect wild and forlorn; the boundless dreary waste expanded the bosom, but presented scarce one object to the eye. Imagination was solely pleased with the beaten path, which was strait and narrow, as betokening the civilized wish of every passenger, to hurry on from scenes unjoyous, and overtake the vestiges of humanity. From the lofty ridge of a hill, nigh a dangerous precipice where the track guided my wearied footsteps, I could view on the left, spread lakes and hanging woods, like the visions of fairy land; at a stupendous depth, on the right, a torrent, whose noise could not reach the summit I traversed, got peace to its troubled waters in a shallow vale, where nature might seem, in an unkindly humour, to have scattered a few of her offspring, whence they might never mix with her other children. I had now six or seven

miles to proceed farther, ere I could reach any village, or find even a house on the road; when the approach of night, and the fall of snow, deprived me at once of light and of comfort. None but such as have felt the like, can imagine my distress. The road I soon lost without remarking my error; for I began to think on death, as the only friend I should ever find. To add to my hopeless condition, the treacherous surface of a miry pond deceived my steps, and I only weltered out, drenched up to the chin, to despair of much longer protracting a life, which I never, as then felt so sweet. I still fared on, while the violent drift with ice encrusted my cheeks, now almost as cold as their clothing, and icicles hung tangling from my locks —when my trembling steps were suddenly overturned by something bulky, and I fell prostrate, without a thought of ever rising again. I was not however, yet so benumbed but that I could perceive the thing, over which I had fallen, to move, and ere long discovered it to be a sheep, which being caught by a small briar, was held to the spot, and nigh smothered in the driven snow. If ever I felt the joy of being grateful, it was peculiarly at that moment, when I thought a thanksgiving to Heaven, for having brought me to another, at least animated, creature, with whom to end a life as hapless—almost as innocent. I contrived to bring his woolly head to my breast, and tearing open my frozen covering, with all the strength that was left me—indeed I often think, with additional aid from some ministering angel of mercy—applied its warm breath to my bosom, and fondled its gentle mouth to my heart.

I was thus employed, reckoning of life as a jewel, which it became me to preserve as long as I could, but which I was ready to deliver back to the gracious owner, without having tarnished it much, when I heard methought, at no great distance, the howling of a dog. It was really a note so piteous, in another's ear, might have added a terror to darkness; it raised me from the ground to make the last exertion of hope. Yet even then it struck me, that sure no dwelling of man was nigh but that some fellow of mortality and misery had fallen the sacrifice of the storm before me, and that the sound I heard might be the lamentation of the trusty follower over his ill fated master. I was in part mistaken. When, half crawling, upright, I had got a few paces onwards, an enlivening ray directed my sinking eyes to hope, and bid my soul look up to the Fountain of light and of life. Do I tire you? The light

that gladened me, glimmered from a cottage; thither, with much difficulty, I made shift to advance. Except the dog, which ceased not his moanings, all was still. The door opened with a latch; I was too feeble to find the string; I attempted to call, but my tongue denied its office; when laying my body against the decayed boards which marred my entrance, they gave instantly away; and unable to recover myself I fell within the threshold. No voice accosted me—no arm relieved me. I essayed to uplift my languid head; I raised it at last, and questioned with my eyes the desolate abode. It was indeed the mansion of sorrow—the habitation of woe. When I had once looked round me, I was first assured that my soul yet informed its tabernacle of frailty. Shivering and pallid as my carcase lay, my cheeks were warmed with tears; and, though cold was the bosom that contained it, I felt that I had yet a heart. The misery discoverable in the dwelling, I shall not describe; in truth, I could not—for I saw but two objects of wretchedness—and from them I could not look. On a bed which, if coarse, could no longer hurt him, a man, whose head the winter of age had rendered as white as had that of the year the mountains I had passed, lay dead. *(to be concluded)*

A REASONABLE REQUEST.

A SLAVE of Omer, the viceroy, fled from his service, but was retaken, and brought before the king; who, at Omer's instigation, condemned him to death. The slave upon this said, "O king, I am an innocent man; and, if I die by thy command, my blood will be upon thine head. Permit me, *therefore*, to incur *guilt* before I meet punishment. Let me kill my master, and I shall die contented!" The monarch, turning to his viceroy, said with a smile, "I think there is some reason in the slave's request, but as I do not think *thou* wilt assent to it, *I* will pardon him, and thou shalt give him his liberty.

AN ORDER.

WHEN the illustrious Chevalier *Taylor* was once enumerating the honours he had received from the different princes of Europe, and the *orders* with which he had been dignified by innumerable sovereigns, a gentleman present remarked, that he had not named *the king of Prussia!* and added, "I suppose, Sir, *he* never gave you *any order*."—"You are mistaken Sir," replied the Chevalier, "he gave me *a very peremptory order to quit his dominions*."

Poetical Department.

ORIGINAL.

SONNET TO HEALTH.

COME thou, whose smile benign can give
To ev'ry virt'ous joy a zest.....
Dispel disease, my pains relieve,
And shed thy infl'ence in my breast.

Sweet HEALTH, 'tis thine to cheer the heart,
To banish grief and joys impart;
'Tis thine to light the sadden'd brow
With smiles, and make the spirits flow.

Then come, thou friend of man, dispense
Thy copious pleasures, rich and free.....
O, smile propitiously on me,
And drive disease and sorrow hence.

Then will I raise my cheerful soul to heav'n,
In grateful thanks for the kind blessing giv'n. ALICIAN.

ORIGINAL.

SONNET TO HOPE.

CELESTIAL nymph whose azure eye,
Benignant beams, thro' mis'ry's shade;
Suppresses the big, heaving sigh,
And smiling, points to pleasure's glade.

Thro' life be my attendant still,
And thy support, O let me have;
With thee I fear no low'ring ill,
For thou canst gild the dreary grave.

Celestial hope! life's precious balm,
Sent from on high, mankind to cheer;
With thee, its roughest stream is calm,
Then come—sweet nymph! and rest thou here! A.